THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC
of
THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

presents

JUDITH HOLSWICK

soprano

assisted by

Teresa Cotton, piano
Hiromi Takahashi, oboe

Thursday, April 15, 1976 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Warnung — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)
Als Luise die Briefe
Abendempfindung
Die Zufriedenheit
An Chloë

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Sich üben im Lieben — Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
(from Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten)
Wie zittern
(Cantata #105)

Hiromi Takahashi, oboe

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Zeigeunerlieder — Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

INTERMISSION

Banalités — Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

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Prairie Lily — Murray Adaskin (b.1906)
Epitaph

Under the Sun — Violet Archer (b.1913)

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She's Like the Swallow — Canadian Folksongs (arr. Keith Bissell)
Love is Easy

Little Willy — American Folksongs (Traditional)
I'll Not Marry

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Degree for Ms. Holswick.

Warnung (Warning)

Men always attempt to eat sweets if you give them their way.
Maidens are easy to catch if one knows how to take them by surprise.
Maidens have fresh blood, and the snack tastes so good
But the snack before dinner causes one to lose the appetite.
Many a girl who forgot this fact lost both treasure and lover.
Fathers - let this be your warning: lock up your sweets - lock up your maidens - lock up your sweets.

Als Luise die Briefe (As Louise burns the letters of her unfaithful lover)

These have originated in an hour of hot fantasy;
Go to your destruction, you children of melancholy!
You owe your being to the flames. I now return you to them, and the passionate songs as well.
Then Oh - he sang not to me alone!
You burn now, and soon, you dear ones, there will be no trace of you here.
However, the man who wrote these letters, perhaps burns long in me.

Abendenpfindung (Evening Sentiment)

It is evening, the sun is sinking, and the moon shines with silver sheen.
So flies this life's beautiful hours, they pass away as in dancing.
Soon flies this life's beautiful scene and the curtain rolls down.
Over is our play!
The friend's tears already flow on our grave
Soon perhaps, blows past me, as a soft west wind, a quiet premonition.
I complete the pilgrim journey of this life and fly into that land of peace.

Will you weep then on my grave, and mourn my ashes.
Then Oh friends will appear to you, and will make the Heaven shine on you.
Give to me also a little tear, and pluck a violet for my grave.
And with your soul's full glances, look softly down on me.
Consecrate to me a tear, and oh, do not be ashamed that you weep for me.
It will be the most beautiful pearl in my crown.

Die Zufriedenheit (Contentment)

How gentle, how peaceful I feel here - the joys of life without worries.
And without foreboding I welcome every morning.
My joyous, my contented heart, dances to nature's melody.
And even my sorrow is pleasant, when I cry for love.
How I laugh at the big people, the blood-letters, heroes, princes!
I am contented with a small house; they are not happy with whole provinces.
They rage without reason, these god-like creatures of the earth.
But do they need more room than I, when they are buried?

An Chlöe (To Chlöe)

When I see the love in your blue, clear open eyes,
and for lust, gaze into them as I do this, my heart beats and glows and I stop you and kiss your warm, rosy cheeks, lovely maiden, and I kiss you tremblingly.
Maiden, maiden! and I press you closely to my breast.
I would only let go of you in the moment of death.
A dark cloud is threatening this intoxicated moment.
And I sit down weary, but very happy.

Zigeunerlieder (Gypsy Songs)

I. He, Zigeuner, greife in die Saiten ein!
Spiel' das Lied vom ungetreuen Magdelein!
Lass die Saiten weinen, klagen, taurig bange,
Bis die heisse Tränenetzet diese Wange!

I. Ho there, Gypsy, strike the string,
Play the song of the faithless maiden!
Let the strings weep, lament in sad anxiety,
Till the warm tears flow down these cheeks.

II. Hochgetürmte Rimaflut,
Wie bist du so trüb,
An dem Ufer klag' ich laut
Nach dir, mein Lieb.
Wellen fliehen, Wellen strömen, rauschen
An den Strang heran zu mir;
An dem Rimaufer lass mich
Ewig weinen nach ihr!

II. High towering Rima waves,
How turbid you are!
By these banks I lament loudly
For you, my sweet!
Waves are fleeing, waves are streaming, rushing
To the shore, to me;
Let me by the Rima banks
Forever weep for her!

III. Wisst ihr, wann mein Kindchen am allerschönsten ist?
Wenn ihr süsses Mündchen scherzt und lacht und küsst.
Magdelein, du bist mein, inniglich küss ich dich,
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur für mich!
Wisst ihr, wann mein Liebster am besten mir gefällt?
Wenn in seinen Armen er mich umschlungen hält.
Schatzelein, du bist mein, inniglich küss' ich dich,
Dich erschuf der liebe Himmel einzig nur für mich!

(continued...)

III. *Do you know when my little one is her loviest?*
When her sweet mouth teases and laughs and kisses me.
Little Maiden, you are mine, fervently I kiss you.
The good Lord created you just for me!
Do you know when I like my lover best of all?
When he holds me closely enfolded in his arms.
Sweetheart, you are mine, fervently I kiss you,
The good Lord created you just for me alone.

IV. Lieber Gott, du weisst, wie oft bereut ich hab'.
Dass ich meinem Liebsten einst ein Kusschen gab.
Herz gebot, dass ich ihn kussen muss,
Denk' so lang ich leb' an diesen ersten Kuss.
Lieber Gott, du weisst, wie oft in stiller Nacht
Ich in Lust und Leid an meinen Schatz gedacht.
Lieb' ist süss, wenn bitter auch die Reu',
Armes Herze bleibt ihm ewig, ewig treu!

IV. Dear God, you know how often I regretted
The kiss I gave but once to my beloved.
My heart commanded me to kiss him.
I shall think forever of the first kiss.
Dear God, you know how often at dead of night
In joy and in sorrow I thought of my dearest one.
Love is sweet, though bitter be remorse.
My poor heart will remain ever, ever true!

V. Brauner Bursche führt zum Tanze
Sein blauäugig schönes Kind,
Schlägt die Sporen keck zusammen.
Czardas Melodie beginnt,
Küsst und herzt sein süsses Taubchen,
Dreht sie, führt sie jauchzt und springt;
Wirft drei blanke Silbergulden
Auf das Cimbal, dass es klingt.

V. The bronzed young fellow leads to the dance
His lovely blue-eyed maiden,
Boldly clanking his spurs together.
A Czardas melody begins.
He caresses and kisses his sweet dove,
Whirls her, leads her, shouts and springs about;
Whirls three shiny silver guilders
On the cymbal to make it ring!

VI. Röslein dreie in der Reihe blüh'n so rot,
Dass der Bursch zum Mädel geht, ist kein Verbot!
Lieber Gott, wenn das verboten wär',
Stand die schöne, weite Welt schon längst nicht mehr,
Ledig bleiben Sünde war!
Schönstes Stadtchen in Alföld ist Ketschkemet;
Dort gibt es gar viele Mädchen schmuck und nett!
Freunde, sucht euch dort ein Bräutchen aus,
Freit um ihre Hand und gründet euer Haus.

VI. Roses three in a row bloom so red,
There's no law against the lad's visiting his girl!
Oh, the good Lord, if that too were forbidden,
This beautiful wide world would have perished long ago,
To remain single would be a sin!
The loviest city in Alfold is Ketschkemet;
There abides so many maidens sweet and nice.
Friends, go there to choose a little bride;
Ask for her in marriage and then establish your home;
Then empty cups of joy!

VII. Kommt dir manchmal in den Sinn,
Mein süsses Lieb,
Was du einst mit heil'gem Eide mir gelobt?
Tausch' mich nicht, verlass' mich nicht,
Du weisst nicht, wie lieb ich dich hab'!
Lieb' du mich wie ich dich,
Dann strömt Gottes Huld auf dich herab!

VII. Do you sometimes recall,
My sweet love,
When you once vowed to me with solemn oath?
Deceive me not, leave me not,
You know not how dear you are to me!
Do you love me as I love you.
Then God's grace will descend upon you!

VIII. Rote Abendwolken zieh'n
Am Firmament,
Sehnuchtsvoll nach dir, mein Lieb,
Das Herze brennt,
Himmel strahlt in glüh'nder Pracht,
Und ich träum' bei Tag und Nacht,
Nur allein von dem süssen Liebchen mein.

VIII. Red clouds of evening move
Across the firmament,
Longing for you, my sweet,
My heart is afire,
The heavens shine in glowing splendour,
And I dreamt
Only of that sweet love of mine.

Banalités

(poems by G. Apollinaire)

I. Song of Orkenise

Through the gates of Orkenise
a carter wants to enter.
Through the gates of Orkenise
a tramp wants to leave.
And the town guards
hasten up to the tram;:
"What are you taking away from the town?"
"I leave my whole heart there."
And the town guards hasten
up to the carter:
"What are you bringing into the town?"
"My heart to be married."
"What a lot of hearts in Orkenise!"
The guards laughed and laughed.
"Tramp, the road is hazy.
love makes the head hazy, O carter."
The fine-looking town guards
superbly:
then the gates of the town
slowly closed.

II. Hotel

My room is shaped like a cage
the sun puts it's arm through the window
but I who would like to smoke
to make smoke pictures
I light at the fire of day my cigarette
I do not want to work
I want to smoke.

III. Walloon Uplands

Overwhelming sorrow
seized my heart in the
desolate uplands,
when tired, I rested in the
fir plantations.
The weight of the kilometres
while blustered
the west wind
I had left the pretty wood
the squirrels stayed there
my pipe tried to make
clouds in the sky
which remained obstinately clear
I did not confide any secret
except an enigmatic song
to the damp peat bog.
The heather fragrant with honey
attracted the bees
and my aching feet
crushed the blueberries and the
dayberries
tenderly united
  North
  North
life twists itself there
in strong trees
and twisted
life bites there
  death
ravenously
when the wind howls.

IV. Trip to Paris

Ah! how charming
to leave a dreary place for Paris.
Delightful Paris,
that once upon a time love
must have created.

V. Sobs

Our love is ordered by the calm stars.
Now we know that in us
many man have their being
who came from very far away
and are one under our brows
it is the song of the dreamers
who tore out their heart
and carried it in the right hand.
(Remember dear pride all these
memories
of the sailors who sang like
conquerors
of the chasms of Thule, of the
gentle skies of Ophir,
of the cursed rich people of those
who fled from their shadow
and of the joyous return of
happy emigrants.)
This heart ran with blood,
and the dreamer went on thinking
of his wound delicate.
(You will not break the
chain of these causes).
And painful and said to us
(which are the effects of their causes)
My poor heart, my broken heart
resembling the heart of all men.
(Here, here are our hands that life
enslaved)
has died of love or so it
seems,
has died of love and here it is.
Such is the way of all things
tear out
(and no thing will be free
until the end of time).
Let us leave all to the dead
and hide our sobs.